A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him aſsiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords, and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently, as greatnes knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtreight decrees
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cryes out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behinde him here,
When he was perſonall in the Iriſh warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the king,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffred his kinſman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his king) to be
There without ranſom
Diſgrac't me in my hap
Sought to intrap me by
Rated mine vnkle from
In rage diſmiſd my fath
Broke othe on othe, co
And in concluſion, dro
This head of ſafetie, an
Into his title, the whic
Too indirect for long c

Blunt. Shall I return

Hot. Not ſo, ſir Wa
Go to the King, and le
Some ſuretie for a ſafe
And in the morning ea
Bring him our purpoſe

Blunt. I would you w

Hot. And may be, ſ

Blunt. Pray God yo

Enter Archbiſh

Arch. Hie, good ſir
With winged haſte to
This to my coſen Scr
To whom they are dir
How much they doe i

Sir M. My good L

Arch. Like enough
To morrow, good ſir
Wherein, the fortune
Muſt bide the touch,
As I am truely giuen t
The king with mighty
Meetes with Lord Ha
What with the ſicken
Whoſe power was in
And what with Owe
Who with them was a